ISTORY
OF
HENRIE
4TH
WM
AKESPEAR
1639

483

Johannes Patricius
Crichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.

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THE HISTORIE OF Henry the Fourth:

VVITH THE BATTELL AT *Shrewsbury*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, surnamed *Henry Hotspur* of the *North*.

With the humorous conceits of Sir IOHN FALSTAFFE.

Newly corrected, By WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.

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THE HISTORY OF HENRY the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *John of Lancaſter*, Earle of *Weſtmerland*, with others

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort-winded accents of new broyles,
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoyle,
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blood;
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hooфes
Of hoſtile paſes: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,
All one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldiers now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nail'd,
For our advantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is but twelue months old,
And booteleſſe 'tis to tell you, we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſter night our Counſell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.
Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe;
But yeſternight, when all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordſhire*, to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
A thouſand of his people butcherd:
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welſh-women done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.
King. It ſeemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy-land.
Weſt. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That very valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Uncertane of the iſſue any way.
King. Here is a deare and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variations of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeate of ours;
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their own blood, did ſir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon* plaine: of priſoners *Hotſpur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Coſin, is it not? Infaythit is.
Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of honors tongue,
Amongſt a Grove, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride;
Whil'ſt I by looking on the prayſe of him,
See Ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*, O that it could be prov'd
That ſome night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet!
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you, Cuz,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Priſoners
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keepes, and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.
Weſt. This is his Unkles teaching, this is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.
King. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.

Cozen, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windsor*, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to us againe,
For more is to be sayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and sir John Falstaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prin. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon Benches after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truely know. What a devill hast thou to doe with the time of the day? Unlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the signes of leaping-Houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falst. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purses, goe by the Moon and seven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring Knight so faire: and I prethee, sweet wagge, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace; Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Falst. No by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falst. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forresters, Gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistris the Moone; under whose countenance we steale.

Prince. Thou sayst well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe: Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Munday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falst. By the Lord thou sayest true, Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Taverne a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*: my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falst. How now, how now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buffe Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to doe with my Hostesse of the Taverne?

Falst. Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falst. No, i'le give thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coyne would stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Falst. Yea, and so used it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King? and resolution thus snub'd as it is with the rusty crub of old father antick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Falst. Shall I? O rare by the Lord! I'le be a brave Judge.

Prin. Thou judgest false already. I meane thou shalt have the hanging of the Theeves, and so becomest a rare Hangman.

Falst. Well, *Hall*, well, and in some sort it jumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Falst. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb-Cat, or a lugd-Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a lovers Lute.

Falst. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolneshire* Bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of

Moore

Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt unſavory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparative raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I mark't him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, in the ſtreete too.

Prin. Thou didſt well: for wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme unto me, *Hall* God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt give over this life; and I wil give it over: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: i'le be damned for never a Kings ſon in Chriſtendome.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, i'le make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe-taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes.*

Poy. Now ſhall we know if Gads-hill have ſet a match: O, if a man were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that ever cry'd, Stand to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poy. Good morrow ſweete *Hall.* What ſayes *Mounſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons leg?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Divell ſhall have his bargaine, for he was never a breaker of Proverbs: he will give the Divell his due.

Poy.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devill.

Prince. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devill.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are pilgrimes going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fatpurſes. I have vizards for you all; you have horſes for your ſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Falſ. Hear ye, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Falſ. *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I by my faith.

Fal. Ther's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee; nor thou cameſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well, then once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Falſ. Why; thats well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leave the Prince and me alone, I wil lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go

Falſ. Wel, God give thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakſt may move, and what he hears may be beleeved, that the Prince, may (for recreation ſake) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance: farewell, you ſhall finde me in *Eaſtcheap*.

Pri. Farewell the latter ſpring, farewel Alhallown ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harvey*, *Roſſil*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prince. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail, & then will they venture upon the exploit themſelves, which they ſhall have no ſooner atchieved, but weele ſet upon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, & by every other appointment, to be our ſelves.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leave them: and ſirra, I have caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Po. Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſwear arms. The vertue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he indured, and in the reproof of theſe lies the jeſt.

Prin. Well, Ile go with thee, provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to morrow night in Eaſtcheap, there Ile ſup: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok't humour of your idleneſſe:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeer were playing holy dayes,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for, come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright metall on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no ſoyl to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as yong down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soveraigne Liege) little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be uſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our own hands
Have hope to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye:
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervants brow,
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your uſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeak.

Nor. Yea my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſſe name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmſdon* took,
Were, as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denide,
As he delivered to your Majeſty.
Either envy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.

Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyl,
Breathleſſe and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain Lord; neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harveſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and tookt away again,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cal'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome coarſe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day, and Lady tearms.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Majeſties behalf.
I then all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo brisk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentle-woman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſave the mark;
And telling me the ſoveraign'ſt thing on earth,
Was parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſſe earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile gunnes,
He would have been himſelf a Souldier.
This bald unjoynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my love, and your high Majeſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What e're *Harry Percy* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place:
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe,
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoul hath wilfully betraid
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magician, damned *Glendower*
Whoſe daughter as we hear, the Earl of *March*,
Hath lately married: ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves,
No, on the barren mountain let him ſtarve,
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall ask me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home revolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*
He never did fall off, my Soveraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severns* ſedgy bank
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour,
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement of ſweet *Severns* flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

Ranne fearfully among the trembling reeds.
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with revolt.
King. Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou doſt belie him,
He never did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the devill alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kinde from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne:
Send us your priſoners, or you will hear of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the devill come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunk with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your Uncle.
Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will ſpeak of him, and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all thoſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood, drop by drop, i'th duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th ayre as this unthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrook*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth have all my priſoners,
And when I urg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wives brother, then his cheek lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*,
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth,
Live ſcandaliz'd and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?
Nor. He did, my ſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountains ſtarve.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this ſubtile King.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalf,
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down *Richard* that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker *Bullingbrook*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye under-went?

No;

No, yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelves,
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night,
To anſwer all the debt he ows to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſpe a ſecret book,
And to your quick conceiving diſcontents
Ile read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of perill and adventerous ſpirit,
As to o're walk a currant roaring lowd
On the unſteadfull footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt unto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rowze a lyon, then to ſtart a hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, me thinks it were an eaſie leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottome of the deep,
Where fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrivall, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the form of what he ſhould attend;
Good couſin give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keep them all.
By God he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not,

Ile keep them by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare unto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep,

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when he lies aſleep,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile have a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Heare you, couſin, a word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that ſame ſword and buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would have him poyſoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell kinſman, Ile talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waſp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile polititian *Bullingbrook*:
In *Richards* time, what do you call the place;
A plague upon it, it is in *Gloſterſhire*;
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his unkle kept,
His unkle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:
Zblood, when you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg*.

Nor. At *Barkley* caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true.
Why what a candy deal of courteſie,
This fawning gray-hound then did proffer me,
Look when his infant fortune came to age
And gentle *Harry Piercy*, and kinde couſin:

O, the Divell take ſuch cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you: my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scrope*.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: upon my life it will do well.
Nor. Before the game's afoot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our ſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how it doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot.

Hot. He does: he does; weele be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteal to *Glendower*, and to *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell, good brother, we ſhall thrive I truſt.
Hot. Unkle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groves, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not four by the day, Ile be hang'd, *Charles-waine* is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What *Oſtler*?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point, poore jade is wrung in the withers out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as danke here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poore jades the Bots: this houſe is turned upſide down ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow never joyed ſince the price of Oates roſe, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I think this to be the moſt villanous houſe in all *London* road for fleas, I am ſtung like a tench.
1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is ne're a King chriſten could be better bit, then I have bin ſince the firſt cock.
2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a jordain, and then we leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a Loach.
1 *Car.* What *Oſtler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.
2 *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two raſes of ginger, to be delivered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite ſtarved: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as

drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain; come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads-hill. Good morrow *Carriers*; What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lantern, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, ſoft; I know a trick worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canſt tell? Lend me thy lantern (quoth he.) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee; Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Enter Chamberlain. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlain?*

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand, qd. the *Chamberlain*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giving direction doth from labouring; thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wilde of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what, they are up already, and call for egges and butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas Clarks*, I'le give thee this neck.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhippeſt S. *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old ſir *John* hangs with me, and thou knowſt he is no ſtarveling: tut, there are other

other Trojans that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their credit ſake make all whole: I am joyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of theſe mad muſtachio purple-hiewd malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity, Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner then drink, and drink ſooner then pray; and yet (zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their Boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will, Juſtice hath liquord her: we ſteal as in a caſtle, cockſure; we have the receit of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night then to fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gad. Give me thy hand, thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the *Oſtler* bring my gelding out of the ſtable; farewell ye muddy knave.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poyn. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I have removed *Falſtaffes* horſe; and he frets like a gum'd velvet.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prince. Stand cloſe.

Fal. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd, *Poynes.*

Prin. Peace ye fat kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doeſt thou keep?

Falſ. What *Poines? Hall?*

Prin. He is walkt up to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeek him.

Falſ. I am accurſt to rob in that theeves company, the raſcall hath removed my horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I travell but 4. foot by the ſquaire further afoot, I ſhall breake my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I have forſworn his company hourly any time this 22. yeer, and yet I am bewitcht

witcht with the rogues company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'le be hangd: it could not be else. I have drunk medicines: *Poynes*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile starve ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth: eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough; a plague upon it, when theeves cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*
Whew, a plague upon you all, give me my horse, you rogues, Give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Fals. Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? Z loud, Ile not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fals. I prethee good Prince *Hall*, help me to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you rogue: shall I be your ostler?

Fals. Go hang thy selfin thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poyson: when jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do against my will.

Poin. O tis our setter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what news?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fals. You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fals. To be hanged.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poynes* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fals. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir *Iohn Pawnch*?

Fals. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* your Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hall*.

Prin. Well, weele leave that to the proof.

Poy. Sirra *Iack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, fare well, and stand fast.

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd

Prin. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poy. Here hard by: stand close.

Fals. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say, every man to his businesse.

Enter the Travellers.

Tra. Come, neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses down the hill, weele walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Theeves. Stay. *Tra.* Jesus blesse us.

Fals. Strike, down with them, cut the villains throats: a horson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaves, they hate us, youth, down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fals. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? no, ye fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on Bacons, on, what ye knaves? yong men must live, you are grand jurors, are ye? weele jure you, yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them. Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeves have bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the theeves, & go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a moneth, and a good jest for ever.

Poy Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter the theeves again.

Fals. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and *Poynes* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring, there's no valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wilde duck.

Prin. Your money. *Poyn.* Villains. *As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set upon them, they all run away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runnes away too, leaving the booty behinde them.*

Pri. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves are scattered, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away good *Ned*, *Falstaffe* sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poy. How the rogue roar'd! *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter,

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I boar your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certain, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you (my lord fool) out of this nettle danger we pluckt this flower safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-brain is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friend true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my unkle, and my self, L. *Edmond Mortimer*, my L. of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Dowglas*? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascall is this and Infidel? Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King,

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my selfe, and goe to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim Milke with so honourable an action, Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now *Kate*, I must leave you within this two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight beene
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, sweete Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes unto the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retires, trenches, and tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,
And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath.
On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?
Some heavy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriffes?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-eare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſayſt thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my love) my horſe.

La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In fayth i le know your buſines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize, but if

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love. (you goe.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, anſwer me directly unto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in fayth i'le breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot Away, away, you trifler, love; I love thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what woulds thou have with me?

La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelfe. Doe you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in jeſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I goe: nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave you, gentle *Kate*,
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman and for ſecrecy,
Nay Lady cloſer, for I will beleeve,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet forward; to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, and Poynes.

Pri. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where haſt beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt three or foure-ſcore Hogs-heads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of Humility. Sirra, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*; they take it already upon their ſalvation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courteſie*, and tell me flatly I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falſtaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord ſo they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good Lads in *Eaſt-cheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; & when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his own Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar clapt even now into my hand by an underskinker, one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his life, then 8 ſhillings, and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with this ſhrill addition, *Anon anon ſir, Skore a pint of Baſtard in the halfmoon*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to drive away time til *Falſtaffe* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing, but Anon: ſtep aſide, and i'le ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect. *Poines. Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*

Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis* ?

Francis. Forſooth five yeeres, and as much as to——

Poynes. Francis.

Franis. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prince. Five yeares: berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valliant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it ?

Francis. O Lord ſir, i'le be ſworne upon all the Bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. Francis. *Francis.* Anon ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis* ?

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmus* next I ſhall be——

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas but a penny worth, waſt not ?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poynes Francis, *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis* ? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch ?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who doe you meane ?

Prince. Why then your Browne-baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*: your white canvaſſe Doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poynes. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call ?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt ſuch a calling ? looke to the Gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in ?

Pri. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: *Poynes*

Poynes. Anon, anon ſir. *Enter Poynes.*

Pri. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeves, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry ?

Poy. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke yee, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the Drawer? come, what's the iſſue ?

Pri. I am now of all humors, that have ſhewed themſelves humors, ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent Twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, *Francis* ?

Francis. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the ſon of a woman. His induſtry is up ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Perceys* minde, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that kils me ſome 6. or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Give my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, i'le play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Brawne* ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife: *Rivo*, ſaies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poynes. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou been ?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen: give me a cup of ſacke, Boy. E're I lead this life long, i'le ſow nether ſtocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Give me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant ?

Prince. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter; pittifull hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun ? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous mā; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy wayes, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if man hood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there lives not 3. good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weaver, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Wool-sacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, i'le never weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*?

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord i'le stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? i'le see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would give a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me, give me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere be foure of us, have tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Falf. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poore foure of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hose,

Hose, my buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darkenesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Rossf. We foure set upon a dozen.

Falf. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Rossf. And bound them.

Peto. No, no they were not bound.

Falf. You rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Iew* else, an Hebrew *Iew*. (us.

Rossf. As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set upon

Falf. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Prin. What fought ye with them all?

Falf. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poore old *Iack*, then am I no twoleg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you have not murthered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two rogues in Buckrom sutes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Foure *Hal.* I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seven point in my Target, thus:

Prin. Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom sutes.

Fal. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else:

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falf. Dost thou heare me, *Hall.*

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke.*

Falf.

Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, and with a thought ſeven of the eleven I paid.

Pr. O monſtrous leleven buckrom-men growne out of two?

Fa. But as the divel would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let driveat me; for it was ſo darke, *Hall*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, opē, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Falſ What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall*-greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell us your reaſon. What ſayſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon, *Iacke*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, upon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

Prin I'le be no longer guilty of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Falſ. Zblood you ſtarueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you taylors-yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Pr Well, breathe a while, and then toit againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Pri. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them & were maſters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from prize, and have it, yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & ſtill run & roare, as ever I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlave art thou to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight? what tricke? what device? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant ſhame?

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as he that made yee. Why heare you maſters, was it for me, to kill the Heire apparant? ſhould I turne upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Falſ. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter Hoſteſſe*

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

Prin How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore, would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from your father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Falſ. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his Bed at mid-night? Shall I give him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iacke*.

Fal. Fayth, and i'le ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away upon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.

Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleeve it was done in fight, and perſwaded us to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeven yeares before, I bluſh to heare his monſtrous devices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Poin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bones. How now ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Falſ. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waſte: I could have crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *John Braby* from your father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the divell his true liegeman upon the Croſſe of a Welſh-hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O *Glendower!*

Fal. *Owen Glendower*, the ſame, and his ſonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſebacke up a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll kilies a Sparrow flying.

Falſ.

Falſ. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falſ. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prin. Why; what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Falſ. A horſe-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote he will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, upon inſtinct.

Falſ. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this civill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy mayden-heads as they buy Hobnayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe, Lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hall*, Art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſprite *Percy*, and that divell *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſ. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe love me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falſ. Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a joynd ſtoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falſ. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me a cupp of Sacke, to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept: For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* veine.

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

F*al.* And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide, Nobility.

Ho. O Jeſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

F*al.* Weepe not ſweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

F*al.* For Gods ſake Lords, convey my truſtfull Queene;
For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Jeſu he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as ever I ſee.

F*al.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.
Harry, I doe not onely marvell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I have partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heaven prove a micher, and eate Blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* prove a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeak to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majeſty?

F*al* A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eie, & a moſt noble carriage, and as I think his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is F*alſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that F*alſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh, and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou beene this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for me, and i'le play my father.

F*al.* Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am ſet.

F*alſ.* And heere I ſtand, judge my maſters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

F*alſ.* My noble Lord, from *East-cheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

F*alſ.* Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, i'le tickle yee for a young Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swearеſt thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne'r looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old man, a tunne of man is thy companion; why doſt thou converſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſowlne parcell of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtuffe Cloake-bag of gutts, that roſted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reverent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taſte Sack and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein crafty, but in Villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

F*alſ.* I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth, F*alſtaffe*, that old white-bearded Satan.

F*al.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou doſt,

F*al.* But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pity) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſaving your reverence) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old Oaſt that I know, is damn'd; if to be fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poynes*, but

for ſweet *Iacke* Falſtaffe, kind *Iacke* Falſtaffe, true *Iacke* Falſtaffe, valiant *Iacke* Falſtaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke* Falſtaffe, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the doore.

Falſ. Out you rogue, play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalfe of that Falſtaffe.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? never call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou art a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as another.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke up above. Now my Maſters; for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore i'le hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your wil with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men unto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time have employed him:

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreate you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen.
Have in this robbery loſt 3000. Markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he have rob'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaffe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine pappers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what be they: read them.

Item a Capon	ij.s.ij.d
Item ſawce	iiij.d
Item Sacke, two gallons	v.s.vij.d
Item Anchoves and Sacke after Supper	ij.s.vij.d
Item bread	ob

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke! What there is elſe, keep cloſe, weele read it at more advantage, there let him ſleepe till day, i'le to the Court in the morning. We muſt all to the Warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. I'le procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a march of twelve ſcore; the money ſhall be payed backe againe with advantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And our jnduction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, will you sit down?
And Uncle *Worcester*; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had never been borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativity:
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers, At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These signes have mark't me extraordinary.
And all the courses of my life doe shew,
I am not in the rolle of common men:
Where is the living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*,
I'le to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the Divell.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the Divell
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Divell.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And i'le be sworne, I have power to shame him hence.
Oh while you live, tell truth, and shame the Divell.

Mor. Come, come: no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the banke of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severne* have I sent him
Bootlesse home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How scapes he agues in the divels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Severne* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Severne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſſe that this night may execute:)
To morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meete your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appoynted us, at *Shrewsbury*:
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall wee neede his helpe theſe fourteene daies;
Within that ſpace, you may have drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Me thinkes my moity *North* from *Burton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtrous ſcantle out:
I'le have the currant in this place dam'd up,
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and evenly,
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, and runs me up, with like advantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much as on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North-ſide, win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.

Hot. I'le have it ſo, a little charge will doe it.

Glen I'le not have it altered.

Hot Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen. Why that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then, ſpeake it in *Welſh*.

Glen. I can ſpeake *Engliſh*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the *Engliſh* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *Engliſh* dittie, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpeful ornament:
A vertue that was never ſeene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather bee a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame meter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brazen canſticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axeltree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhufling nag.

Glent. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I doe not care, Ile give thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſerving friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke yee mee,
Ile cavil on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall wee be gone?

Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night;
Ile haſte the writer, and withall
Breake with your wives, of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhee doteth on her *Mortimer*, *Exit.*

Mor. Fie couſin *Percy*, how you croſſe my father!

Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometimes hee angers mee,
With telling mee of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies:
And of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts mee from my faith. I tell you what,
Hee held mee laſt night, at leaſt nine houres,
In reckoning up the ſeverall divels names,

That were his Lackies, I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word ; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather live
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Wind-mill farre,
Then feed on cates, and have him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India* : ſhall I tell you, Couſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, even of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe :
But doe not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault.
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you :
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Government,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine ;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well I am ſchoold. Good-manners by your ſpeed,
Heere come our wives, and let us take our leaves.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*,
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele be a ſoldier too, ſhee'le to the warres
Mor. Good father, tell her that ſhe, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.

Glen. Shee is deſperate heere,
A peeviſh ſelfe will'd harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe good upon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I underſtand thy lookes, that prety *Welſh*,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley I could anſwer thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With raviſhing diviſion to her lute.
Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhee runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glen. Shee bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heavineſſe
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harveſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mor. With all my heart i'le ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke be drawne.
Glen. Do ſo : and thoſe Muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thouſand Leagues from hence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend.

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, yee giddy gooſe.
The Muſicke playes.
Hot. Now I perceive the Divell underſtands *Welſh*.
And 'tis no marvell he is ſo humorous,
By'rlady he is a good muſician.
La. Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether by humours:
Lie ſtill, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.
Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Iriſh*.
La. Would'ſt have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhee ſings.
Heere the Lady ſings a Weſh Song.
Hot. Come, i'le have your Song too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, & as true as I live, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy othes,
As if thou never walk'ſt further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-breſt teacher: and the indentures be drawne, i'le away within theſe 2. hours, and ſo come in when you will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are ſlow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, wee'le but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediately.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.
King. Lords, give us leave, the *Prince* of *Wales*, and I,
Muſt have ſome private conference, but be neere at hand,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeve, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Majeſty, I would I could
Quite all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deviſde,
Which oft the eare of Greatneſſe needs muſt heare,
By ſmiling pick-thankes, and baſe newes-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors:
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy yonger Brother is ſupplide,
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts

Of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the foule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneied in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where? which is *Bullingbrooke*?
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heaven,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Even in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate,
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wanne by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemenity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and downe,
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gave his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſſe vaine comparative,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enforc't himſelfe to popularity,
That being daily ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfeited with Hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſſe, whereof a little,

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his face, and rendring ſuch aſpect,
As cloudy men uſe to doe to their adverſaries,
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorg'd, and full,
And in that very line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou:
For, thou haſt loſt thy Princely priviledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it done,
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.

Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foote at *Ravenſpurgh*,
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now;
Now by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to boote:
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right
He doth fill fields with Harneſſe in the Realme,
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed Jawes,
And being no more in debt to yeares then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverent Biſhops on,
To bloudy battels, and to bruſing armes.
What never-dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*? whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions and great name in armes,
Holds from all ſouldiers chiefe Majority,
And military title capitall,

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing cloathes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me under *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And god forgive them, that ſo much have ſwaide
Your Majeſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And ſtaine my favours in a bloody maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it,
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this al-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meete,
For every honour ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart,
This in the name of god I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleaſ'd, I ſhall performe.
I do beſeech your Majeſty may ſalve,
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will dye an hundred thouſand deathes,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow
King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſoveraine truſt herein.
How now, good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake off.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at *Shrewesbury*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.
King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
For this advertiſement is five dayes old,
On Wedneſday next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelves will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Gloceſter-ſhire*, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meete.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my skin hangs about me like an old *Ladies* looſe gowne. I am withered like an old apple-*John*. Well, i'le repent, and that ſuddenly while I am in

ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not above ſeven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy houſe not above once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lived well, and in good compaſſe, and now I live out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & I'le amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, I'le be ſworne, I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I thinke upon hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple: for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way give to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oath ſhould be, *By this fire, that's gods Angel*: But thou art altogether given over; & wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of utter darkneſſe. When thou runſt up *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and everlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Taverne & Taverne: but the Sack that thou haſt drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, of the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, ſo ſhould I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquired yet who pickt my pocket? *Enter Hoſteſſe.*

Hoſt. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you think *Sir Iohn*? do you think I keepe theeves in my houſe? I have ſearcht, I have inquird, ſo haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tight of a haire was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, *Bardoll* was ſhav'd and loſt many haires and i'le be ſworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was never cald ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſ. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away to Bakers wives, they have made boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij.s. an ell: you owe money here beſides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Falſ. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke upon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Noſe, let them coine his cheekes, i'le not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall have my pocket pickt? I have loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

Hoſ. O Jeſu, I have heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that Ring was Copper.

Falſ. How? the *Prince* is a Jack, a ſneak-cap: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife,

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two; Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeve me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grand-fathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knave, to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, *Hoſteſſe*, and he ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You

You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſ. A thouſand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy love is worth a Million: thou oweſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and ſayd he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did, I *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I ſay tis copper: dar'ſt thou be as good as thy Word now?

Fal. Why *Hall*? thou knowſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke i'le feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, & I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But ſirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine; it is all fild up with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeſon impudent Imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but taverne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houſes, and one poore penſworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villaine, and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? Thou knowſt, in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. *Hoſteſſe*, I forgive thee: goe make ready breakefaſt, love thy Husband, looke to thy Servants, cheriſh thy Gheſts, thou ſhalt finde me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gon. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that anſwered?

Prin

Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

Pr. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with unwaſht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or thereabout: I am hainouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I, praiſe them. *Prince.* *Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horſe: for thou and I
Have thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! *Hoſteſſe*, my breakfaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Taverne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſayd, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should goe ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongue of ſoothers, but a braver place
In my hearts love hath no man then your ſelfe,
Nay taske me to my word, approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe ſo, and 'tis well: what letters have you there? I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He can not come, my Lord, he is grievous ſick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his power?
Under whoſe government come they along?

Meſſ. His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſſ. He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth.
And at the time of my departure hence,
He was much feard by his Phyſicion.

Wor. I would the ſtate of times had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was never better worth then now.

Hot. Sick now? droope now? this ſicknes doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation,
Could not ſo ſoon be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remov'd, but on his owne;
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſment,
That with our ſmall conjunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

War. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our States,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read

The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
Dow. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reverſion,
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what's to come in,
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A randevous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Divell and miſchance looke big
Upon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had beene heere,
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diviſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbiterment,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in upon us:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine;
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too farre,
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.
Dow. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot. My couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Weſtmoreland*, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherward with Prince *John*.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I have learned,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed mad-cap, *Prince* of *Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in Armes?
All plumpe like *Eſtriges*, that with the winde
Bayted like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd
Glittring in golden Coates like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the moneth of May.
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midſummer;
Wanton as youthfull *Goates*, wild as young *Buls*:
I ſaw young *Harry*, with his Bever on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſe-manſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, worſe then the Sunne in March
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmoky warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Up to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours Come; let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the *Prince Wales*:

Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He can not draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dow. That's the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our Souldires ſhall march through; Wee'l to *Sutton cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'le anſwer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I have miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I have got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes, ſuch a cómodity of warme ſlaves, as had as liefe heare the Divell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliver, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I preſt me none but ſuch Toſts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they have brought out their ſervices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and ſuch as indeed were never Souldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt Servingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, revolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old fac'd Ancient: and ſuch have I to fi'l up the roomes of them as have bought out their ſervices, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tottered Prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch Skar-crowes. I'le not march thorow *Coventry* with them, that's flat, nay; and the villains march wide betweene the legs, as if they had Gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon: there's not a Shirt & a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeves; and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from mine Hoſt of S. *Albans*, or the *red-noſe In-keeper* of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'l finde Linnen enough on every *Hedge*.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne *Iacke*? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad-wag, what a divell doſt thou in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, 'tis more then time, that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can tell you, lookes for us all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, never feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteal Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did never ſee ſuch pitifull raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food

for powder, they'l fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that, And for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they never learnt that of me.

Prin. No i'le be ſworne, unleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'l fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well;
Thou ſpeakſt it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lives:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of us feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are.
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſes
Of my couſin *Vernons* are not yet come up.

Your

Your Uncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day.
And now their pride and metall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of him himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the Enemy,
In generall journey bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well, and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Majeſty:
But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the breſt of civill peace,
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefe, and with all ſpeed,
You ſhall have your deſire with intereſt.
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My Father, my Uncle, and my ſelfe,
Did give him that ſame royalty he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,

A poore unminded Outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the *Duke* of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liberty and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and terms of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pity mov'd;
Swore his aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the *Realme*
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in *Boroughs*, *Cities*, *Villages*,
Attend him on Bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heires, as pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes:
He preſently, as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurgh*,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heavy on the common-Wealth,
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Over his Countries wrongs, and by this face
This ſeeming brow of Juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriv'd him his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman March,
Who is, if every owner were plac'd,

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited.
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſ'd my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeeke out
This head of ſafety, and withall to pry
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the *King*?
Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter*. Wee'l withdraw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some ſurety for the ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my Uncle
Bring him our purpoſe, and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michael.

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael* beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my coſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.
Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gueſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truely given to underſtand,
The King with mighty and quicke rayſed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too.

And comes not in, over-rulde by prophesies,
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir. M. But there is *Merdake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince* of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corrivales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill! the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpet sounds. *Enter Worcester.*

King. How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete upon such tearmes,

As now we meete. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doffe our easie Robes of peace,
To crush our old uneasie limbs in ungentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe unknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred Warre?
And more in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigy of feare, and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the unborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it: how comes it then?
Fals. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turne your lookes
Of favour, from my selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sweare that oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gant*, Duke of *Lancaster*:
To this, we sware our ayde: but in short space
It raind down, Fortune showring on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.

What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that helde the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* Warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this ſwarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by us; you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle Gull the Cuckowes bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That even our love durſt not come neere your ſight,
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were inforc't for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe have forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By unkinde uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Swore to us in your younger enterprize.

King. Theſe things indeede you have articulate,
Proclaym'd at Market-croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes.
Of hurly burly innovation:
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor muddy Beggers, ſtarving for a time,
Of pel-mell havocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your Armies, there is many a ſoule,
Shall pay full dearely for this incounter,
If once they joyne in tryall: tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth joyne with all the world

In prayſe of *Harry Percy*: by my hopes
This preſent enterprize ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More active, more valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I have a trewant been to Chivalry,
And ſo I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the ods
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will to ſave the bloud on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

King. And *Prince of Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit conſiderations infinit
Doe make againſt it: No, good *Worceſter*, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſled upon your Coſins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea every man
Shall be my friend againe, and i'le be his.
So tell your Coſin, and bring me word,
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gon:
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it adviſedly. *Exit Worceſter.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both together
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them;
And God befriend us as our cauſe is juſt. *Exeunt, Manent*
Fal. Hal. If thou ſee me downe in the Battell, *Prin. Fal.*
And beſtride me ſo, 'tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a *Coloſſus* can doe thee that friendſhip.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falſ. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then, can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore i'le none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know; *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our lives, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes.
For reaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who never ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt up,
Will have a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of priviledge.
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, goverud by a ſpleene,
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,

We

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Coſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotſpur.*

Ver. Deliver what you will, i'le ſay ſo. Here comes your Co-(ſin.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd,
Deliver up my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Uncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him ſo.

Dow. Mary and ſhall very willingly. *Exit Dowg.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grievances,
Of his oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that, he is foreſworne.
He cals us Rebels, Traytors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us. *Enter Dowg.*

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd, did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The *Prince* of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads.
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewed his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,

He

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstred in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Cosin, I thinke thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke under my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to doe,
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*
Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent forbearing them is just *Enter another.*
Mess. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace,
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, only this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let us all imbrace,

For

For heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time doe such a courtesy.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarum to the battell: then enter Dowglas, *and* Sir Walter Blunt.
Blu. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou crossest me?
What honour dost thou seeke upon my head?
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight; Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hotspur.
Hot. O *Dowglas!* hadst thou fought at *Holmsdon* thus,
I never had triumpht over a *Scot*.
Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breathlesse lies the King.
Hot. Where? *Dow.* Heere.
Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.
Dow. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.
Dew. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates:
I'le murder all his Wardrop, piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King. *Hot.* Up and away.
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.
Alarum, Enter Falstaffe solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the shot heere: heer's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft, who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heer's no vanity.

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too. God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine own bowels : I have led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd ther's not three of my 150. left alive, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Nobleman lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Under the hooves of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet unrevengd, I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal.* I prethee give me leave to breathe a while, *Turk Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in armes, as I have done this day. I have payd *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

Prince. He is indeed, and living to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, i'le pierce him, if he doe come in my way, ſo: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo: if not, honour comes unlook't for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, *the* Prince, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Eearle *of* Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn. Not I, my Lord, unleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will doe ſo my L. of *Weſtmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, i'le lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive

The

The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtaynd Nobility lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. We breathe too long, come couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Our duty this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt;
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an ungrowne Warrier. *Exit.*

Prin. O, this Boy lends metall to us all.

Dow. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I have two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: and defend thy ſelfe.

Dow. I feare, thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up againe, the ſpirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nichlas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*; i'le to *Clifton* ſtrait.

King. Stay, and breath a while,

Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prince. O God, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
King. Make up to *Clifton*, i'le to S. *Nicholas Gowſey. Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?
Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*
Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince* of *Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare.
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince* of *Wales.*
Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine!
Prince. I'le make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
I'le crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it, *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas: he fights with Falſtaffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe then the ſword my fleſh:

But

But thought's the ſlave of life, and life, times foole,
And Time that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O! I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for——
Prince. For Worms, brave *Percy.* Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weav'd ambition: how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth,
Is roome enough, this earth that beares thee dead,
Beares not alive ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, i'le thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy ſleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poor *Iacke* farewell;
I could have better ſpar'd a better man;
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* ly.

Falſtaffe riſe up.

Falſ. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, i'le give you leave to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had payd me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man

thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part I have ſaved my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore i'le make him ſure; yea and i'le ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not he riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come, brother *Iohn*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who have we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantaſie that playes upon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Jacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I graunt you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeved, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne upon their own heads, I'le take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and would deny it, Zounds I will make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
I'le guild it with the happieſt termes I have.

A retreate is ſounded.

Prin. The Trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. I'le follow, as they ſay, for reward: He that rewards me, God reward him. If I do grow great, i'le grow leſſe: for i'le purge and leave Sacke, and live cleanely, as a Nobleman ſhould doe. *Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince *of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earle of* Weſtmerland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *priſoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion finde rebuke:
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and termes of love to all of you?
And wouldſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlayne to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlayne and all his men,
Upon the foote of feare, fled with the reſt:
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong,
Goe to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure ranſomeleſſe and free.
His valour ſhewen upon our Creſts to day,
Hath tought us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſome of our adverſaries.

King. Then this remaines that we divide our power:
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Toward *Yorke* ſhall bend you with your deareſt ſpeede,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who(as we heare) are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let us not leave till all our owne be wonne.

FINIS.

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